

## **Endless 109**

### Chapter 109: Venturing into Danger

Brothers through thick and thin.

All along the way, Palmer kept muttering in my ear.

His enthusiasm was over-the-top, as if he were conducting some sort of hypnotic experiment, trying to embed the notion that "Palmer is a good brother" deep into my mind.

"Let me tell you, the Field Operations Department is really not a place where humans can stay."

Palmer rambled on, while Bologue glanced sideways at him with a slightly peculiar expression.

With his constant emphasis, Bologue couldn't help but feel the term "good brother" had become somewhat distorted, though he couldn't quite pinpoint why.

"Ah... I suddenly want to go home, but once I go back, those old fogeys will start nagging me. If I don't go home, then I have to work here."

Palmer had a serious aversion to work.

"Speaking of which, won't you get fired for being so negatively inactive at work?" Bologue asked.

"No, negative inactivity at work has to be managed with the right 'degree.'"

"Like?"

"Like being in a state where the boss feels annoyed looking at me, but if he really fires me, he would be somewhat reluctant," Palmer shrugged, "but that's impossible, I'm from the Clarks family, our family is one of the founders of the Order Bureau. Without the agreement of those old fogeys, the Bureau couldn't fire me."

"As a precious heir, wouldn't your elders be furious if you died on a mission?"

Bologue had some respect for the mysterious Clarks family and wouldn't refer to them as "old fogeys" like Palmer did.

"Do you think I've never mentioned it to them?" At this point, Palmer became animated, "Their response was, if I were to die that easily, it would only mean they had misjudged me. Just appoint another heir then."

"Is this the cruelty of big families?"

"It's those old fogeys who are nuts!" Palmer refuted.

"For instance, throughout my life, I've been dragged by those old fogeys to learn this and that, going to military school, and now here at the Order Bureau."

Palmer muttered a few words and calmed down, then glanced at Bologue and said, "Don't worry, I'm very optimistic, just have a penchant for complaining."

Looking at his forced smile, Bologue wanted to laugh but held back.

According to Palmer, the Field Operations Department was like a den of wolves and tigers, while he was a thoroughly tragic figure.

Bologue viewed himself as having some psychological issues, but within the Order Bureau, people like him seemed quite common. Not to mention those with the Sublimation Furnace Core, even his partner had serious mental issues.

Though he spoke all about optimism, recalling Palmer's deadly "Blessing" indeed seemed more like making merry in hardship.

Of course, Bologue felt that he didn't know Palmer well enough yet, and nobody was sure what kind of person this "lucky unlucky guy" really was.

Maybe the decay and complaints were all just masks he used to disguise himself?

But truthfully, Palmer's endless complaints, yet being entrusted with important tasks by a group of high-ranking individuals, and playing with life-and-death situations like it was an action comedy, made him quite the rare breed, at least none Bologue had encountered before.

"Speaking of which, Palmer, you always mention that I won't die, why is that? Do you care about this point a lot?" Bologue curiously asked.

"How could I not care? That's an Undying Body!" Palmer babbled on, "At most, I'm blessed with luck and fortune, but you are truly incapable of dying!"

"Hmm... actually I feel it's alright, sometimes I think the price I paid isn't just my soul."

Bologue seemed to think of something and sighed.

"Like?" Palmer asked.

"For instance, I'm still quite unlucky, Geoffrey often says the same about me, never encountering good things, and even when I do, bad outcomes soon follow."

Upon reviewing his life carefully, this understanding seemed to make some sense.

Joining the military for a living, ended up in the most perilous battlefield, sold his soul to the Devil, and shortly after got captured and thrown into the Black Prison. After finally being released, felt some kindness under Adelle's care, but then...

"Ah? Does that mean the two of us unlucky fellows are teamed up together, and we won't encounter problems in future actions?"

Bologue realized this was a significant issue.

"No, no, at most one and a half, don't forget I still have that half luck left."

Palmer emphasized, he managed to survive amidst constant misfortunes, all relying on that bit of luck.

"Anyway, having a teammate who won't die is pretty nice."

Palmer continued, his gaze evasive as if hiding something.

"Are you hiding something?"

"Nothing, nothing."

Palmer shook his head vigorously.

"You better be clear, Palmer."

Bologue's tone became firm.

The two stood at the entrance of the Order Bureau, the wide streets on both sides full of parked cars, while pedestrians bustled about, the clamor giving life to the earthly realm, lingering between the two.

"Well, you know, I could unexpectedly encounter misfortune at any time. But this misfortune doesn't just affect me alone, sometimes it might also harm my teammates because of it."

Palmer talked about it, his eyes gazing at the distant dark clouds, expressing a sense of melancholy.

"To joke, that time you came to rescue me, I really did slip because my foot slipped."

"Really?"

"Really."

Bologue was stunned, "Huh? Really? That's too stupid."

"That's right, that's exactly it!" Palmer screamed, "There are always these strange things happening!"

"After becoming a debtor, I went on several missions with the team, and this situation kept occurring, affecting not only the mission but also my teammates. So, I had no choice but to start acting alone."

"So are you glad that your bad luck can't kill me? Even if I die, I can come back." Bologue asked.

"Pretty much, at least I don't have the psychological burden of worrying whether I'll accidentally kill a teammate the next second."

Palmer confessed, "I know it sounds somewhat heartless, treating you like a tool that doesn't wear out..."

"Nothing heartless about it," Bologue interrupted Palmer, speaking with utmost seriousness, "That's just how experts are, worrying about possible variables is one of an expert's professional qualities."

Now it was Palmer's turn to be stunned, recalling Bologue's efficient and fierce demeanor, from an expert's perspective, Bologue seemed perfectly fine.

An expert at handling troublesome matters.

Staring carefully at Bologue, when Palmer shared his embarrassment, a hint of a smile flashed across Bologue's face, quickly returning to indifference, his gaze on Palmer still had that contemptuous look.

"Speaking of which, why do you always look at me like that? It's unnerving," Palmer cautiously asked.

"Because I'm slightly nearsighted."

"Huh?"

"Yeah, wearing glasses is quite inconvenient, they always break," Bologue said, focusing his gaze, the contempt vanished, and his eyes turned sharp, "But I'm not completely nearsighted, it's just that when I want to look at something seriously, I need to concentrate and focus."

The sharp gaze swept over his body, like a cold knife rubbing along the skin, Palmer shivered, quickly saying.

"Alright, alright, just keep looking at me contemptuously."

His serious expression slackened, reverting back to a cold manner, for some reason, looking at the now expressionless Bologue, Palmer felt a rare sense of familiarity.

"Oh, that's my motorcycle, remember to put on the helmet."

Palmer said, pointing to a sidecar motorcycle in front of the Order Bureau, the very one Bologue had seen earlier. Palmer seemed to adore it, the body was polished to a shine.

"You seem to really like motorcycles," Bologue said, "That reminds me of those midnight racing biker gangs causing disturbances."

A hint of embarrassment flashed across Palmer's face, here Bologue was certain, among those midnight racing maniacs, Palmer was surely one of them.

"No way, we call it a biker enthusiasts club," Palmer said dryly, "Although, sure, some of us might be that unethical, but most of us are good people who wouldn't do such bad things."

This only made Bologue more certain.

With a sigh, Bologue couldn't be bothered to say anything more, put on the helmet, and sat in the sidecar of the motorcycle.

Palmer mounted the motorcycle, his face full of excitement as he spoke to Bologue.

"The speed of 'Leica' is very fast, don't be scared."

Bologue's lips curled into a smile.

The sidecar motorcycle started moving on the street, Bologue also relaxed, sitting in the sidecar, enjoying the brief leisure, but just when Palmer was waiting at the red light, a sharp screeching sound of brake burst forth.

A heavy truck broke through the red light, heading straight towards Palmer.

A runaway steel monster.

The engine roared fervently.

Piercing brake sounds.

Pedestrians' screams.

The smell of burning rubber from tires grinding against the ground.

The heavy truck grazed past Palmer, brushing by and crashing into the street light at the corner.

Cold sweat slowly dripped from Palmer's forehead, he was almost overturned by the truck, the truck nearly skimmed against his body.

"So, these things keep happening... But, I'm really quite lucky most of the time."

After the thrilling moment, Palmer let out a deep breath, boasting.

"You agree, right, Bologue."

No response.

"Bologue...?"

Palmer turned his head, only to see a large piece of metal scraped off the sidecar, and Bologue, who was supposed to be sitting inside, was nowhere to be seen.

Frozen for a few seconds, Palmer broke down in tears.

"Bologue!"

With Palmer's cries, a blood-covered figure crawled out from under the truck, the dented helmet still firmly stuck on his head.

"Ah..."

Bologue groaned, starting to detest this partner.